Literary Cabinet.

Si non tantus fructus perciperetur ex his studiis, quantum percipi constat, sed ex his delectatio sola peteretur; tamen hæc animi remissio judicanda esset libero homine dignissima. CICERO.

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The Essayist.

No. XI.

A CURSORY view of the powers of the human mind, and its susceptibility of improvement, cannot fail to excite our admiration that the Author of Nature should have been thus liberal. But however extensive these powers may be, could we not communicate our ideas to others, our knowledge must be forever hidden in our own breasts. The ingenuous dispositions, which many possess, would lead them to imagine, that this blessing would not, like most others, be subjected to abuse. Yet such is our degraded situation, that there are many, who delight to prostrate their talents to purposes for which they were never intended. Witness those writers, who exert themselves to subvert both religion and government. Do they not make anonymous writings their most successful weapon? Unwearied in their exertions, they sacrifice every principle, both of honor and justice, to the indulgence of passion, or the gratification of desire. But to the honor of man be it spoken, there are some, who not only protest against such publications, but who avow, by their actions, their unwillingness to cloak their sentiments. Conscious of the purity of their motives, and embracing no principles without thorough investigation; they give their names with their sentiments to the public. To those writers, who, like Junius, have talents, and who, like him, use them to disseminate the seeds of discontent, may justly be attributed most of the evils which arise from a distrust of government. While unknown, they are secure; for truth and justice, though powerful in an open attack, can oppose but a feeble barrier against a lurking foe. Their first step is to spread dark surmises among the people, *spargere voces in vulgum ambiguas*; and I am sorry to add that this has too often been the weapon, which has proved fatal to the peace and happiness of mankind. They write their vile productions in a smooth and flowing style, calculated to amuse the fancy, but to mislead the understanding. When once a defamatory writer has acquired the art of exciting the passions, he may light the torch of discord without danger of its extinction. Would you inflame the minds of the pupulace, let them know their own importance, describe to them, in lively colors, the insults of the great, and point out the means of redress. This will rouse them to action: their fury can be described only in the language of the poet:

"Earth has no fiend like love to hatred turn'd,
"Nor Hell a fury, like a 'yeoman'* scorn'd.

It would not be deemed too bold to assert, that the flame of party usually receives its enkindling spark from those writers, whose names (were they known) would stamp their productions with ignominy and contempt. Destitute of reputation and concealed under the mask of patriotism, they cast their arrows at some conspicuous mark, and seek aggrandizement at the expence of their country. That person must possess a heart hard indeed, who, when he perceives our country torn by factions, degenerated and debased, does not feel his bosom glow with a generous indignation at those who have been the instruments of this change by their anonymous writings. Our newspapers, once the vehicles of useful information, are now converted into the heralds of destruction. No longer can their Editors boast correctness of sentiment, soundness of morals, and the firmness of their patriotism. The rule of party is, with them, the rule of action; and no principle, however erroneous, no measure, however destructive, when sanctioned by the rage of party, can fail to meet their approbation. While our public prints are edited with a view to promote the happiness of the people and advance the kingdom of our Redeemer, they are undoubtedly beneficial: but when they destroy the peace and happiness of families, corrupt the morals of youth, and cease to give a correct statement of public affairs, they become, instead of the palladium of our rights, the destroyers of our liberty.—The greater part of newspaper editors in the United States are men void of talents and integrity, who write that which none but the credulous and illiterate could patronize or believe. The only possible remedy for these evils, is to oblige every author to annex his name to his production. Satire, which is a feeble weapon, when its mark is obscured, may then aim a sure and effectual blow; and positive refutation will never fail to silence, where it convinces. I am aware that many periodical, as well as other publications, which for elegance of style and correctness of sentiment, are unequalled, have gone abroad without the names of their authors. But this does not militate against the general principle. At the close of our revolutionary war, letters, calculated to excite a mutiny among the soldiers, were written to the army by an unknown hand, and had not the commanding eloquence of General Washington allayed the discontents which already began to pervade the ranks, that liberty, for which we had so long fought, would have been wrested from us, and freedom, no longer insulted by specious appearances, would have taken her final flight. We can hardly fail to condemn such an author as "the basest of the base." Had those letters produced the desired effect, a library of anonymous publications could never have compensated for the injury.

It is readily granted that some such publications have been, and are still useful. But is it not probable that the title pages of the Spectator and Rambler would have borne the names of their authors, since other less valuable productions from the same hands, received that distinguished hon-

* Originally, woman.

or? The suppression of anonymous publications, though it may lessen the number of juvenile productions, cannot be injurious to the community. Hurried on by the ardor of youth, and ambitious of fame, many have published their writings before their judgments were matured by age or confirmed by experience.—Those persons, had they been also obliged to publish their names, would not have suffered their writings to appear so early in print, but by increasing their exertions, would have gained reputation for themselves and their country.

The absurdity and dangerous tendency of most fictitious writings, are sufficient, in the mind of every rational person, to prove their inutility. Such is the power of fancy, that novels, like a poisonous draught, infuse their baneful influence into the mind, and that, on which was once the impression of virtue, becomes the receptacle of vice and corruption. Such productions, though they may for a while, amuse the fancy and gain their authors reputation, will not, like more substantial writings, immortalize the name. Was knight errantry prevalent? a Don Quixote would be desirable. Is amusement sought? the Vicar of Wakefield will give it; but weak and destitute of discernment must be that mind which can be pleased with the productions of a distempered imagination. A more effectual blow cannot be given to infidelity, than to oblige each author to acknowledge his writings; for however willing the unprincipled may be to become infidels, they are unwilling to be viewed as such, nor will they hesitate to disavow their principles when incited to it by interest. Few of the effects of anonymous publications are so much to be dreaded as those of libels on private characters. How great a temptation is set before an abandoned wretch to strike when he knows he is concealed. Armed with the weapons of slander, he makes even virtue fear the blow, and dread the invisible hand that wields the weapon. Fearless of the reproach and contempt of the good, as well as of the law, he considers it the acme of happiness to use his licentious freedom. Were such publications prohibited, every retreat of the calumniator would be cut off, and his dark designs defeated. Should he utter his falsehoods, it must be in the face of day, exposed to the contempt of mankind, as well as to the strong arm of the law. Bold must be the man, and destitute of discernment, who would give his name to the world as the author of an infamous falsehood. On the same page with his calumny, would be enstamped, in glaring capitals, his eternal infamy.

Sir Malcolme,

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * JUST then the moon emerged in full splendor, and discovered to Sir Malcolme the nature of his situation. He saw before him a stream that rolled impetuously along its rocky bed, tumbling from crag to crag, till at length, in a single sheet, it pitched into a chasm, whose depth he could not discern. He saw too the spires of a building, silvered by the moon beams, rising above a gloomy wood, that grew on the oyposite bank of the river. Sir Malcolme looked anxiously around for some means of

crossing; and on going a short distance up the stream, he discovered a small bridge overshadowed by some lofty elms, which had before hidden it from his view. He crossed the bridge and followed a narrow footpath, much impeded by bushes and underwood; which, after winding up a steep and craggy ascent, at length bro't him in sight of the building. On a nearer approach he perceived it to be the remains of a noble Gothic abbey, which through long neglect was fast falling to decay. The buttresses were chiefly gone, the windows had in various places fallen in, and most of the spires already tottered to their fall. Sir Malcolme paced the whole front of the edifice with silent and measured footsteps, watching in vain for a light. Climbing up he looked in at one of the windows, but his eye could not penetrate the gloom that shrouded every thing within. At length he approached the door: and after listening a moment, he seized a large bugle-horn, which hung suspended by a chain, on one side of the door way, and raised it to his mouth, but his breath failed him, and he stopped a moment to recover himself—a second time he raised it to his mouth; just then the bell tolled one: Sir Malcolme's heart sunk within him, and he again stopped in breathless agitation. Ashamed of his weaknes, he again snatched the horn, and blew a blast that that was re-echoed from hill to hill, and wound along the aisles and arches of the abbey, still growing fainter and fainter, till at length all again was silent. Immediately after, a noise like the clang of armor was heard, and in a short time Sir Malcolme plainly distinguished whispers from within: A moment, and all was still; then, suddenly, a light burst through the wicket, and the rough voice of a man demanded who was there. After telling him his name, and briefly informing him of the accident he had met with, Sir Malcolme besought him to admit him for the remainder of the night. The man asked if he was alone. An answer being given in the affirmative, several heavy bolts were shoved back, and the door was cautiously opened by a tall man, with a dark lanthorn in his hand. His countenance was lean and haggard, his bushy hair half covered his face, and his shaggy brows seemed knit with a perpetual frown. As soon as Sir Malcolme had entered, the man hastily shut the door, and bolted it, and then walked on before. Sir Malcolme followed close after his guide, who led him strait forward past the vacant and ruined cells of the monks; then turning down through the cloisters, he entered a narrow passage; at the head of this he opened a door, and ushered Sir Malcolme into a room, at the farthest end of which was a cheerful fire, and beside it, on a large oaken table, stood a lamp. As soon as Sir Malcolme was seated, the man left him by a different door from the one he had entered, and gave him an opportunity to examine the apartment. It was spacious and lofty—the roof was arched, and supported by a double row of columns, which by the dim light of the lamp, cast huge shadows on the wall. The walls were richly carved and fretted, and on them he could here and there imperfectly trace out some old Gothic traditions. Sir Malcolme counted between twenty and thirty ponderous iron shields hanging in various parts of the room, some on the wall, and some

on pillars. This sight strengthened the suspicions he had before conceived, and he determined to make a desperate defence, should his host prove treacherous. Accordingly, he firmly clasped the gorget of his helmet, loosened his sword in its sheath, and anxiously waited some one's appearance. In a few moments the same man re-entered, bringing some milk and dried fruit. Sir Malcolme drank some of the milk, but declined eating any thing; and as he complained of weariness, the man rose, took the lamp, and de-and desired him to follow him to a chamber where he could lie down and refresh himself. Sir Malcolme hesitated a moment; but, determined not to give way to his fears, he arose and followed him. After passing through several narrow winding passages, some of them so low, that the plumes of Sir Malcolme's helmet brushed the ceiling; they at length arrived at the foot of a staircase. Here the man stopped, and giving the lamp to Sir Malcolme, and desiring him to enter the chamber directly at the head of the stairs, he with a ghastly smile bid good night. Sir Malcolme took the lamp, and walked cautiously up stairs. When he arrived at his chamber, he trembled so violently he could scarcely stand. After two or three unsuccessful efforts, he at length pushed open the door, which grated heavily on its hinges—the curtains of a bed which stood opposite, waved in the cold wind which rushed in. Sir Malcolme started back—cold drops of sweat trickled down his forehead. At length however, summoning up resolution, he entered the room and closed the door.

[To be continued.]

On the Cultivation of a Taste for the Beauties of Nature.

WHILST the God of Nature has unveiled his greatness, his wisdom and his goodness, in the grandeur and harmony of the universe, no less than in the works of Providence, he has also presented his character, in a less striking, but more captivating light, in the beauty and variety, which give life to creation. The Philosopher, whom Nature seems to have produced, as the vindicator of God to man, while he investigates the symmetry and sublimity of the world, imbibes the most exalted ideas of a God, and enjoys the purest intellectual delight. The votary of religion, who meditates on the fitness of all things to promote the glory of the Deity, and the happiness of mankind, while his heart swells with joy and gratitude at the goodness of his Creator, pours out his soul in prayer and thanksgiving. Nor is the source, which contributes to the pleasures of the man of taste, less pure, or less permanent. He also beholds and acknowledges a present God, and is equally led to admire and adore him. Whilst with the philosopher he extends his view to worlds, and with the pious man reveres and loves the author of his being, he is not insensible to that delicate beauty and variety, which diffuse smiles over the face of Nature. The inimitable grace, which he discovers in the objects of his contemplation, have a charm for him whose influence congenial spirits only can experience. Hence that soft enthusiasm, for which he is almost always distinguished: that enthusiasm, which renders his character so amiable, and gives a polish to his mind, that this only can produce.

In the course of his examination of Nature, he does not fail to discover in her works the model to which must be attributed the most finished productions of art. He perceives that were it not for the beauty, with which the earth is clothed, the genius and ingenuity of man would be given in vain. The votary of the fine arts is presented to his view as having derived his original ideas from the volume of Nature. He sees that without this, the symmetry of sculpture, the richness and majesty of painting, the harmony of music, and the innumerable graces of poetry, would never have charmed and astonished the world. He observes that the poet and the painter still repair to the field of Nature, whose beauties, when transplanted into their works, obtain for them the reputation of genius, and encircle their brows with the crown of immortality. In the dream of imagination, he beholds Thomson wandering amid the romantic scenes of Scotland, and Shakespeare on the banks of the Avon; Salvator Rosa amid the wild landscapes of Naples, and Claude of Lorraine on the borders of the Tiber. He beholds them kindling with enthusiasm at the simple but matchless beauties of Nature, and catching inspiration from the varied hues of the evening sky, or the softening colors of the retiring landscape.

From the poet and the painter, he turns his attention to the world at large. He there perceives the same causes operating, and finds in accordance with these, that a nation's advancement in the fine arts is generally in proportion to the natural advantages of her situation. The cold and inclement regions of the north, as well as the burning climates of the south, are seen to be equally unfavorable to the cultivation of genius. In the former, the barrenness of Nature affords no objects for imitation: in the latter, the symmetry and various beauty of her works, are lost amid the luxuriance and sameness, for which they are distinguished. But when he directs his eye to the variegated scenes of Europe, a new and reviving light seems to be poured out upon creation. "A flood of glory," as the poet expresses it, bursts from *every scene*," and leads him to believe that this is indeed the garden of the seasons, that this is the temple of Nature. He turns with pleasure from the soft scenery of Spain to the romantic views on the Rhine, and delights to contrast the delicate landscapes of Italy, with the rich and sublime scenery of Switzerland. He traces in each country the genius of its inhabitants, and discovers at once the reason why this is the favorite residence of the Muse. With regret he contemplates the melancholy situation of Greece, for there the poet and the painter no longer court the smiles of Nature, and immortalize the heroes and the deliverers of their country. But he looks forward to the time, when Parnassus shall again be the sacred haunt of the muse, and the fountain of Castalia shall flow in unison with the song of the bard. He sheds a tear at her present lot, but when Hope presents to his view the future dawn of her glory, he exclaims with the poet:

"Then, then shall every sister art revive,
"Stones leap to form, and rocks begin to live;
"With sweeter notes shall every temple ring,
"Again shall Zuxis paint, again shall Homer sing."

[*To be continued.*]

The Bower.

.....Sometimes
We bid bright Fiction to resemble Truth,
And sometimes speak what Truth herself approves.

HES. THEOG.

THE FIRST NAVIGATOR.

HE, who first, on Ocean's tide,
Saw his bark triumphant ride,
And, with uncouth oar, the wave
Bade to adash through ev'ry cave,
Courted first the placid bay,
Where the Nereids lov'd to play;
Trembling if he heard no more
The billows tumbling on the shore.
Next he left the breezy strand,
'Till the gently fading land
Seem'd an azure cloud on high,
Mingling both with earth and sky:
And with nameless rapture smil'd
When the southern breezes mild
Tipp'd with billowy foam the deep,
And bade each streamer cease to sleep.
But when Terror's giant form,
And the Genius of the storm,
In the fearful blast, no more,
Howl'd along the trembling shore,
Or, at night, in billowy car,
On the mountain-wave, afar,
Roll'd no more, with God-like hand
The tow'ring wave which shook the strand,
When descending suns, no more,
Mark'd with horror Ocean's roar,
When, no more, at evening's veil,
Trembles still, the seaman pale.
And no more, night's deepening shade
Seem'd his funeral's dark parade.
Then the sailor spread his sails,
Courting Ocean's rudest gales.
Then, with steady, thoughtful eye,
Oft he gaz'd upon the sky;
And trusting to the polar star,
Left his native land afar.

The classical reader may perhaps accuse me of plagiarising this piece from Claudian. At first sight I designed it for a translation, but now it is not even an imitation.

PHILELPHUS.

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

In the realms of the east, as the apologue shows,
The River Amidar meandering flows,
In the yielding embrace of whose chrystalline wave
The nymphs of Circassia enchantingly lave;
Around whom the finny tribe sportively play,
From its bosom reflecting the lustre of day.
Two sisters made angling their constant employ,
Till the fish of Amidar began to grow coy.
But the cheats and the lures that belong to the art,
Miss Prude and Miss Coquette had gotten by heart;
And when one kind of baiting had lost its attraction,
They'd another at hand that would suit to a fraction.
One day to procure for mama a choice dish,
They baited their hook with a glittering fish.
Adown the stream glided the gold-baited hook,
And, surprizing! a *man-fish* they instantly took.
But the hook from his mouth the two simpletons tore,
And he bent on the wave, and was never seen more.
Mama, who it seems, knew much better than they,
That men-fish were prizes not caught ev'ry day,
Exclaim'd in an agony, "what have you done?
"His equal can ne'er be found under the sun.
"Of all the fine fish which Amidar can boast,
"The one you had taken was valued the most."
"If that be all, mother," Miss Coquette replies,
"Ne'er let a tear moisten the sluice of your eyes;
"Nor let the loss give you a moment of pain,
"I'm sure I can catch this fine man-fish again."
So the stream they explor'd with their glittering bait,

But alas! all their artifice proved too late;
And though new deceptions they practis'd each day,
Success never met them, while years roll'd away.
At length from the deep of Amidar arose,
A genius, whose locks seem'd to rival the snows.
He felt for the grief which the sisters endur'd,
And this was the manner in which they were cured.
The Prude, who might well have befitted a cloister,
Was chang'd to a *Shrimp*, the Coquette to an *Oyster*.
Reflect, then, fair reader, before its too late,
Transform'd to an oyster! oh horrible fate!
Must compassion like this e'er be claimed for you?
Beware then of jilting a lover that's true.
As seasons revolve, and as years roll away,
The soft bloom of beauty will ever decay.
Those locks now so graceful, that form we admire,
Will cease to awaken the flame of desire.
And nymphs not so charming, you'll soon find it true,
Will much more successfully angle than you. H.

TO CLOE.

Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Cloe,
Querenti pavidam, &c.

HOR. LIB. i. OD. 23.

You shun me like a youthful deer,
Whose heart is always chill'd by fear;
Like one who's often seen to rove
Within yon cool and shady grove,
Who fears the sighing of the wind,
And rustling of the leaves behind.
Now if a bush should chance to shake,
O mercy! how the fawn would quake,
And trembling to his mother run,
While she lies basking in the sun.
But, Cloe, come and I will shew thee
I dont like beasts of prey, pursue thee
For urg'd by purest nuptial love,
I long to wed thee, heavenly dove!
Then turn thee from thy mother's face,
And fondly rush to my embrace.
W.

ON THE COUNTESS DE LA SUZE.

FROM THE LATIN.*

What Goddess, in her beamy car,
Mildly radient shines afar?
Does Juno, or the Queen of Love,
Or Pallas hasten from above?
That form divine, that lofty air,
Great Jove's majestic spouse declare.
At thy soft strain the tearful eye
The frequent and unbidden sigh,
The pity touch'd, the melting soul
Speak Minerva's soft control.
But those eyes of sparkling fire
Mark the Goddess of desire.
C. T.

* *Quæ Dea sublimi vehitur per inania curru?*
An Juno, an Pallas, an Venus ipsa venit?
Si genus inspicias, Juno, si scripta Minerva,
Si spectes oculos, Matur amoris erit.
BOUHOURS.

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